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teacher, for his part, will find increasing opportunity for the humane aspects of his work, for developing the classical atmosphere and a true perspective, and for opening vistas into the wider fields of learning.

Details of method cannot be prescribed. *Sua cuique deus fit dira cupido*. The trouble is that so many lack the *dira cupido*—that they permit themselves to imagine that they can possibly arouse interest in something which does not interest them. There is no more electric remedy for a class gone stale than for the teacher to treat himself to a vigorous cross-country run through some unfamiliar book. Macaulay's idea of being a scholar was to read Greek with one's feet on the fender. The teacher who has worked too microscopically will find that he can win elasticity and breadth by throwing his lexicon into a corner (free from bric-a-brac) and plunging unaided through masses of Latin or Greek. Incidentally he will be the better able to appreciate the troubles of his own scholars. For the same reason, it is well for one to begin some new language as often as he finds himself becoming impatient with his pupils' progress.

Such, then, are the foundations of a true method: first, that one shall have both a goal and an itinerary; second, that he shall advance thither, always with due regard to little Iulus, who follows *non passibus aequis*; and last, and perhaps most, that he shall keep his own mind fresh, moving, and vigorous.

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MASTER VERGIL

From the Atlantic Monthly of December, 1905, we reprint the following, thinking it may call forth some comment. It is not the less interesting or suggestive from the fact that it is the utterance of one whose primary business now is the teaching of English.

For traveling company most books, like most people, are too exacting. They will not yield to a mood; they will be asserting themselves against us, or tugging us aside. And why travel, especially afoot, if one cannot be lord of his day? Therefore, because it is serenely complaisant, trust the paler allurements of pure art. Take with you some fair book not human enough to challenge you on your road. Manon Lescaut has the simplicity of perfect breeding, a lovely purity of style for no considerable matter. Or take the Sentimental Journey, if you have forgotten who wrote it. But I will always take the epic of travel, the Aeneid.

It may be the foredoom of artificial epic that it should live, if at all, by style alone. That all literature lives by style is a platitude; but in the Aeneid the import of the matter was so thin at first, that it has long been threadbare. If the

Paradise Lost was ever a moulding moral force, it is probably that no longer. The epic of rebellion against a doctrinaire God touches our time only in so far as its cold heresy is lost in its high beauty. Vergil's gods were from the beginning purely *ex machina*; his hero is alien to us; but no verse, unless it be Milton's, wins the ear more masterfully. No wonder it seemed to the Middle Ages an incantation.

The purely artistic pleasure in art is given by the Aeneid undisturbed. Homer is human, giving a pleasure as of realism, and now and again searching the heart; Vergil, where he is human at all, is so romantically, as in the poignant fourth book. Habitually he moves but splendid shadows in armor through a colored landscape.

. . . Splendet tremulo sub lumine pontus.

This soothing of our souls is not shadowed by the unreal cares of the unreal Aeneas. When the ships are scattered in that magnificently theatrical storm, and the warriors, cast dripping on the beach, instead of cooking plain food over a fire of sticks,

. . . arida circum

Nutrimenta dedit, rapuitque in fomite flammam.

Tum Cererem corruptam undis Cerealiaque arma

Expediunt fessi rerum;

we have already forgotten them for the scenery:

Est in secessu longo locus: insula portum

Efficit obiectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto

Frangitur inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos.

Hinc atque hinc vastae rupes geminique minantur

In caelum scopuli, quorum sub vertice late

Aequora tuta silent; tum silvis scaena coruscis

Desuper, horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbra.

Fronte sub adversa scopulis pendentibus antrum;

Intus aquae dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo.

And see how alien the hero is from us when for rare moments we are troubled by a transpiring of personality, and how little he means to us as a personality in the sum of the whole. For this the crux is the episode of Dido, surely the greatest book of all, the most cogently artistic in narrative, the most glowing in figure, the most remarkable in verse. Dido is a woman. Has Vergil another? Beside this passionate creation set in high romance the pious Aeneas becomes real enough to be despised; then, as he slinks off behind the divine will, he lapses again into armor speaking platitude. Doubtless this impression is due in part to race. The Latin hero leaves us wondering and cold, is not to us heroic. The southern nations seem to keep a different standard of heroic love, to value ardor more than the northern constancy, and withal to be more demonstrative of feeling in speech than is found of us of the north consistent with heroic strength. Chaucer, whose Cressid is one of the most human figures in fiction, can make little of Troilus. Only Shakespeare has leaped this bar-

rier; and has not even he a little Germanized his Latins, as Wagner has Germanized Tristram? But allowing that to Vergil's Romans and their descendants Aeneas has been more nearly than to us a man and a hero, can we suppose that he has ever seemed to any one a moving personality? At least the distinctive power of the Aeneid is not here.

Except for Dido, what humanly reaches our sympathies now and again is something incidental—almost, it would appear, accidental. The mother of Euryalus in the midst of her wild grief lamenting that she cannot shroud his body with the coat that has been taxing her aged hands; the affection of Mezentius for his horse; Nisus and Euryalus talking low on the camp wall; the old Evander's thought of his dead wife—*Felix morte tua, neque in hunc servata dolorem*—beside the bier of his son; the mere illustrative figure of the house-wife weaving before dawn

. . . castum ut servare cubile
Coniugis, et possit parvos educere natos;
the stuff of the Aeneid is not these, but Laocoön in agony; the descent of Mercury, the figures as sun on brass, more splendid than any others ever strung on so thin a thread of fable. Vergil sings arms, the sea and shore, dawn and moonlight, but not the man.

This typical absence of human appeal leaves free the enjoyment of the Aeneid as a supreme work of artifice. It is a pleasure faint, doubtless, to most men, but untroubled, art for the sake of art. The just word charged with suggestion and not surcharged—

. . . lucet via longo
Ordine flammaram, et late discriminat agros—
the elaborate cunning of the sentences, each a pattern of rhetoric and prosody, suit well the glittering pomp, the unrelaxed etiquette. The methods of the most elaborate, the most highly colored, of the great poets, are so manifest as to appoint him perpetual teacher. Just because his habit is so far from the inimitable simplicity of Homer, Vergil is the master of poets. And as the master of poets, so the gentle companion of those whose journeys must be far lower and more literal than Dante's. For solace as for study it is always safe to embark upon his sounding line.

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ORAL WORK

The following extracts are from an article by Dr. W. H. D. Rouse in the Rivista "Scienza" (Volume 4, Number 7), entitled Classical Work and Method in the Twentieth Century.

The master begins by rising in his place and saying *surgo*. He then calls on a boy to write the word on the blackboard, for each new word has to be so written, and it must not be spelt; if written wrong,

it must be repeated more distinctly until it can be written right. The master then tells a boy, in English, to rise, and as he rises, the master says to the boy, *surgis*, which is also written down. Both being again seated, the master tells the class to say to him, as he rises, what he had said to the boy, and the acts are repeated. Next he tells one or more boys to rise with him, and as he does so he says *surgimus*: the class is told to rise, and the master says *surgitis*. The same variation is made as before. Finally one by his direction rises, and the master says to the rest *surgit*; two or more rise, and he says to the others *surgunt*. The six forms that stand on the blackboard, completing the present indicative active, are now arranged in the traditional order and the nature of the table is explained. Similar tables are asked for with other verbs, say *lego* and *cado*, and specimens are given with action. A good deal of drill is necessary at this stage. The next exercise may be imperative, combined with this as follows: Master: *surge*; Boy (rising): *surgo*. Master: *surgite*; Boys: *surgimus*. The master directs one boy after another to say the same, and the imperative is soon learnt. I need not go any further into detail, or show how the names of objects are taught; the curious may refer to our text-book (A First Latin Course, by W. H. S. Jones, published by The Macmillan Co.), and enough has been said to show the method. When we have learnt the present of *esse* and the forms included under *bonus, bona, bonum*, we can go on for a while without more grammar, learning new words and using them in all possible combinations. There is no need to give special lessons to nouns when the adjective has been learnt, the forms being the same in both.

With Greek our first lesson is different, since we have now a new alphabet to learn, but this part of it is easy, since we have only to imitate the way that we learnt our own alphabet by following the way in which the Greeks learnt theirs. Athenaeus (p. 454) has preserved a few verses of the poet Kallias, giving the names of the letters: this (given with one or two small changes) may be learnt by heart and recited.

ἔστ' ἀλφα, βῆτα, γάμμα, δέλτα, καὶ τὸ εἰ
δῆτ', ἦτα, θῆτ', ἰῶτα, κάππα, λάμβδα, μῦ,
νῦ, ξῖ, τὸ οὔ, πι, ρῶ, τὸ σῆγμα, ταῦ, τὸ θ
φι, χι τε καὶ ψι καὶ τὸ ω

We then proceed to spell syllables with each letter in order.

βῆτα ἀλφα βα, βῆτα εἰ βε, βῆτα ἦτα βη

Each series contains one constant element repeated often and the varying elements are also repeated in each successive series; a very thorough and effective